

# The Mirror

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## Town and Castle of Haverford West.



**Haverford West**, or, more properly, in the Celtic language, **Hwlfordd**, is the principal town of the county of **Pembroke**, and is indisputably the largest in the principality except **Caermarthen**. It is delightfully situated on a steep acclivity, on the banks of the **Western Cleddan**, which is navigable for vessels of several tons burthen, from whence it derives considerable commercial importance. On account of its being built on so abrupt an eminence, many of the streets are very inconvenient and even dangerous for horsemen and carriages. In the reign of **Edward IV.** this town was made a county of itself, by a charter granted by that prince, which was afterwards confirmed by **Henry VIII.** and likewise by **James I.** The order ran thus:—"That the town of **Haverford West** should be, and remain hereafter for ever, a free town and county of itself, distinct and separate in our county of **Pembroke**, and from our other counties whatsoever, within our lordship of **Wales**. And that the several rites of the priory, and the friars, and the hill called the **Priors' Hill**, and **Priors' Marshes**, and the **Friars' Garden**, situate within the limits of the town of **Haver-**

**ford West** aforesaid, be, and for the future shall be esteemed as part and parcel of the said county of the town of **Haverford West**, within the limits, liberties, and precincts of the same. The house called **Cock House**, used as a county gaol, though in the said town and county, to be deemed exempt and separate from it."

The government of this borough is vested in a mayor, sheriff, town clerk, two bailiffs, and twenty-four common councilmen, from whom the mayor is chosen. The mayor is admiral, coroner, clerk of the markets, and escheator, within its precincts. The grand and petty sessions for the county are held here, and it has had the privilege of sending one member to Parliament ever since the 17 **Henry VIII.** There is no manufactory carried on here of any consequence, except paper, for which there is one mill, although the population is estimated at upwards of three thousand, inhabiting about six hundred and thirty houses. The market is the most abundantly supplied of any in **Wales**, particularly with fish, which is to be had here in the greatest plenty and variety. There is also a large corn-mar-

ket, and a great fair for horses and cattle of all kinds three or four times a year.

The principal public buildings are the guildhall, market-house, free-school, and alms-houses; likewise a good stone bridge and quay. There are three parish churches, St. Mary, St. Thomas, and St. Martin, besides the one in the suburbs of Prendergast, and several sectarian chapels.

This town was formerly in the possession of the Flemings, and from its central situation it became their principal abode in that part of the country. It was fortified by a strong wall and castle, which was situated on an eminence overhanging a great part of the town. This castle was built by Gilbert, Earl of Clare, the first Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Stephen, about the same period as those of Pembroke and Tenby; very little of it is now remaining, except the keep, which is a striking object. It has for some time been converted into the county gaol. Formerly there were four gates, an outer, an inner, and two defended with portcullises, three of which were standing about the middle of the last century; it originally occupied a considerable space, and was surrounded by a wall flanked with towers, which were destroyed by Cromwell during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. The first castellan under the Earl of Clare (according to Camden\*) was Richard Fitz Tancred. In Glyndwr's time, the Earl of Arundel was governor, and made a noble defence against the French auxiliaries, who had come to join Glyndwr. In Henry VII.'s time, some of the Langharnes had the care of it, under the title of constable. At one time we find it was granted to one Richard Arton, with an annual fee of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and of the office of porter of the said castle, with a fee of 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*, together with "Herbagium scitius Castri de West Haverford, alias Haverford West, unâ cum fossatis ejusdem Castri, ac unius horti, vocati le Queen's Herber eidem Castri adjacenti."

At a short distance to the south of the town, on the banks of the river, stand the ruins of an ancient priory of Black Canons, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Thomas the Martyr. It was endowed, if not founded, by Robert de Hwlffordd, the son of Fitz Tancred, and first lord of Haverford West, who bestowed on it several churches and tithes within his barony, which were afterwards confirmed by Edward III. Very little now remains, except part of the walls of the chapel, a large portion of it having been pulled down within these few years on account

\* Tancredi filium huic castro Castellum præf. ecisse.—*Guliel. Camdeni Britannia.*

of its dilapidated state. From the parts of the foundation which can be traced in different places, it appears to have occupied a vast space of ground. The chapel was a large cruciform building, with a tower in the centre, supported by four handsome pointed arches. There was a large window at both ends (the remains of one of which is still visible), as well as three smaller ones on either side of the chancel. A tradition is prevalent that there was a secret communication between the castle and the priory, which is not improbable, such being frequent at the period alluded to. This priory was valued according to Dugdale, 26 Henry VIII., at 133*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*, and by Sped at 135*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*; at the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted to Robert and Thomas Barlow.

About the commencement of the last century, the figure of a bishop was dug up here, supposed to have been the effigy of David Cherbury, bishop of Dromore in Ireland, and archdeacon of Brecknock, who, by his last will, dated the ninth of November, 1426, directed that his body should be interred here, and left a legacy towards rebuilding the cloisters of the priory.

The finest views of the castle are either from the bridge or the lime-kilns (from the latter of which places our drawing is taken); but it loses a great deal of its grandeur by being so entirely surrounded by houses. The walks in the neighbourhood of the town are exceedingly pleasant, particularly the parade, which is the fashionable promenade, and commands a most extensive view of the surrounding country; the castle, with the river gliding in the valley beneath, forming a very bold foreground to the mountains which fill up the distance.

S. I. B.

## ON FEMALE CONVERSATION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—On reading in No. CLXXXVII. of the MIRROR an amusing account of Mr. Mathews' Entertainments, and his recipe for concocting a rout, I was led into a train of reflection—not so much upon routs as upon social parties and friendly visiting in general—and it struck me that this subject is more frequently than necessary made a subject of ridicule. Mr. Mathews confesses that *Mrs. W. Worrit* sent her child to him to request him to be funny; this looks a little as if ennui was one of the company, although Mr. Mathews himself was there, and this ennui is increased by your satirical and splenetic rogues who, dissatisfied

with themselves, wish to disturb the self-complacency and self-satisfaction of others.

Johnson has said of *wits* and *humorists* "that they are brought together from distant quarters by preconceived invitations; they come attended by their admirers, prepared to laugh and to applaud; they gaze awhile on each other ashamed to be silent and afraid to speak; every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of such worthless company." Each blames the company for that disappointment and weariness which each contributed to produce.

The great bulk of mankind are only possessed of ordinary capacities, and the principal part of their conversation consists of common easy chit-chat. Now duly consider, Mr. Editor, how many thousand well-meaning, honest and good members of society must be entirely excluded from the enjoyment of conversation if what is commonly called idle chit-chat is to be entirely prohibited. One has, indeed, a right to expect a reasonable degree of capacity in one's companions, and that they should be capable of communicating their ideas so as to be understood; indeed with our sex there is but little fear of this, most of us have the full enjoyment and use of the organ of speech as it is called; but are we to be frightened out of our propriety and denied the innocent use of those faculties which God has given us by your paradoxical, straight forward, matter-of-fact gentry, who wish to banish idle chit-chat as they call it from all companies, and reduce our conversation to syllogisms and problems, who will deny your major, dispute your minor, and require mathematical demonstration of the truth of every word you utter? I look upon these analyzers as spies, enemies to social comfort, whose constant aim is to detect and censure the most trifling errors in your conversation and frighten modest persons from speaking at all. When in the company of such an one, my soul retires to its inmost recess; such gentry will ever and anon sound in your ears that north pole maxim "think twice before you speak once;" which maxim, however valuable it may be thought in the way of business by your sex, Mr. Editor, I cannot subscribe to it as a general maxim in conversation; I think it savours of hypocrisy, tends to check the utterance of the genuine sentiments of the heart, and deprive us of many a delightful effusion of imagination. Cheerfulness of mind and a determination to be pleased

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at all events is the best way to banish ennui and promote free conversation; as Addison observes, "a man finds himself pleased, he knows not why, with the cheerfulness of his companion; it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it." Although I by no means advocate trifling conversation in preference to that of an intellectual kind, yet where the one cannot be had, is it so criminal to indulge in the other? In the most trifling conversation opportunities will sometimes occur which may be turned to good account; I have frequently found a subject incidentally started in this manner, most unexpectedly enliven a company for hours, and prove far more interesting than if it had been premeditated or formally commenced. I would have vice lashed wherever it is found, but if all vanity is vice, and every vain man is to be lashed, where is he that shall escape a whipping? As for our vanity, Mr. Editor, we absolutely cannot live without it, (but do print that in a whisper if you have any whispering type), take every spark of vanity away from us and we shall no longer dress to please you, talk to please you, nor indeed do anything to please any body, but fall into an utter insensibility as to what others think of us, and into a downright selfishness which will endanger the well-being of society and deprive us of most of the pleasures and all the embellishments of life. Montesquieu says, "the English are a free nation, and as no subject fears another the whole nation is proud; they are commonly bashful when they come among strangers and we frequently see them behave with an odd mixture of pride and ill-placed shame." Oh, shame upon ye you dumb Sir Oracles who have brought such a reproach upon our dear country!

When we meet to enjoy a social hour it is frequently a matter of indifference whether we talk well or ill, never mind so you do but talk; there is such harmony in hearing ten or a dozen voices keeping up a continual fugue; here occasionally the shrill pipe of Miss Rattler prevailing; presently follows Mr. Melow, rolling up from the lowest notes of his diapason, and in due time come in principal, twelfth, fifteenth, &c. now in full chorus and now dying away to the soft dulcino notes of Miss Tender-nerves. I say all this is absolute harmony when compared to the conceited silence which so frequently prevails in a company of cognoscenti.

I have heard too, Mr. Editor, something of a Female Literary and Scientific

Institution; now heaven forefend us from such things as these, we already know enough, and more than some of you would wish us to know, and unless you would have us sit round your fires with the gravity of owls, and silent as our vis-a-vis companions, your chimney ornaments, do not attempt to philosophize us, and as you profess to be so fond of our sweet voices do not fill us with more wisdom than we can conveniently digest, otherwise you will make oracles of us, and we shall become as those dumb wise whom Shakspeare wrote of—

"That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing: who, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn  
those ears

Which hearing them would call their brothers fools."

Fearing I shall tire your patience, Mr. Editor, I will conclude with one more word from fancy's sweetest child, which may, perhaps, deter some of your female readers at least from being too silent; let them ever remember that—

"——— silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not  
vendible."

I remain, Sir, most respectfully yours,  
B——

### SPRING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Hail grateful spring, with all her new-born vernal attendants, who has begun to distribute her glorious treasures, and is eager to shed its "varied verdure" over earth's wide face with all the swift and secret working of nature's generous hand. Thou season of birth, and "promised fruit," which

"Lies yet a little embryo unperceived."

Thou art welcomed by the pleasing throbbings of my heart, and the ready acknowledgment of the love of all who know thy great endearments; even the feathered race again take possession of the unfathomed heavens, and wildly carol thy joyous coming, for thou art come to embalm the enlivened walks—give composure to the swiftly speeding wind, and to embroider the works of God.

Spring is not only the youth, but also the health of the year—it is the season too of produce—the season when the luxurious earth opens its grateful bosom and receives the precious food, which in exact and regular succession will put forth its valuable qualities, numberless sparkling shoots, and star-like buds, partaking of the delightful to the wonder-

ing and ever-greedy eye, and essential to the support of life—a season when all creation seems to gladden and pour forth their strains of joy—when nature robes herself in a new and blushing garment, which, in its folds, conceals "the lovely children of the shade," but, when unfolded, displays, in its magnificence, beauties and colours more numerous and varied than the mind can encompass, or the eye can behold, the unequalled pattern having been drawn, the exquisite casts and highly tinted colours fixed, and the sublime workmanship executed by God himself.

For the performance of this inimitable work, we perceive first, the bold, though not less innocent snow-drop, who fearless of the powdered neighbouring bough, ventures through the encrusted surface and proclaims thy approach; next in the lovely throng shoots forth the crocus, always cautious, then the violet and the polyanthus; thence proceeds the flowery procession to deck and scent the walks of man—a season when the industrious husbandman commits the future crops to the bosom of the earth, which ever faithful to the unsteady appetite of man, proves to be

"——— the exhaustless granary of a world."

A season when the naked forest prepares for and receives its new and lively clothing—the "juicy groves" breathe a freshness of their hidden treasures, and Heaven once more in "universal bounty" throws

"——— herbs,  
And fruits, and flowers on nature's ample lap."

Of the seasons of the year Spring is the most worthy of the contemplation of man. Where can he derive a better subject for observation than the one gained from the work of our great Creator. To see the future crops growing to maturity, nourished by the gentle showers, and fostered by the radiant globe—to see the green-bladed-grass ennobling earth's surface, and to view and watch the growth of the infant leaf, and the birth of the modest bud, is a delightful amusement. Indeed our hearts gladden at this period, for we see the uncouth and "ruffian" weather is about to retire, the extended blue arch of Heaven has thrown aside its thickened veil, while the thin clouds hanging from the spottened ceiling, freshens the glorious scene.

It is to Spring that we are indebted for many pleasing feelings. It is, if I may so express myself, an unlimited association season, our spirits and health being generally improved, cheerfulness is a constant attendant, therefore joy pervades

the heart, and joy stimulates gratitude, which often creates love and other sentiments of refinement, thus we unite and admit love and gratitude its own character—forgetting solitude and other ungenerous dispositions. The poet has exclaimed when alluding to Spring—

"Let those love now who never loved before!  
And those who always loved now love the more."

Shakespeare was so delighted with the beauties of Spring as to have identified them with his mistress, and played with them as her shadow.

Few distinguished individuals have allowed this period to glide away without its having first received their homage; but really there is something so strikingly pleasing in this "inmost renovation" that it becomes a matter of no surprise. After having witnessed winter's dark and cloudy atmosphere, the entire nakedness of every object, who can but embrace every infant leaf and slowly creeping bud, as the commencement of a season fraught with health, with youth, and with beauty.

The seasons have been associated with the various stages of human life, but the spring of the year and the spring of life, are more closely connected than any other. In youth we partake of the amiable qualities of innocence combined with beauty, like the lovely flowers, and the whole of the vernal inhabitants. Youth ornaments and enlivens the paths of life; Spring embroiders the earth and dresses her companions in lively garments. The spring of the year and the spring of life form the more essential requisites for a distant period; a spring that is blighted produces but a barren year; youth if not productive of the fruits of a cultivated mind yields little that is beneficial or serviceable. Vernal flowers, however beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the nostril, are only preparatives to autumnal flowers; youth, however pleasing in all appearances, is but the commencement of that which must form ingredients for mature fruits. The shoots of spring if not carefully watched and trained become stubborn and disfigured; the impressions of youth if not early curbed disfigure the whole, and lower it in general estimation. Lastly, spring robed in all its varied precious colours, and studded with its glittering star, and all things

"—rejoice  
In re-creation of themselves,"

entwines the flowery wreath of triumph round the sceptre of the seasons. Youth when endowed with the dear gifts of Heaven, is like unto nothing but what it is, "the noblest work of God."

Spring with the ancient Romans and Greeks was justly celebrated with processions and rejoicings of various kinds. Indeed, England formerly held its commencement in a more friendly manner than it now does; but these gone-by days (like many other ancient customs) are too rich with ancient familiarity ever to return, though they live to be regarded in dear recollection; we must therefore be content to remember the past happy days, and cherish the present.

Your's, respectfully,  
A. B. C.

### MY NATIVE LAND.

(For the Mirror.)

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
My country! and yet while a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be  
found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee."

COWPER.

THAT celebrated statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, having become unpopular, and motions having been made in both houses of parliament to inquire into his conduct, and to urge the necessity of his removal from the presence and councils of his sovereign, thus designated patriotism:—"Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism; a venerable word when duly practised; but I am sorry to say that of late it has been so much hackneyed about, that it is in danger of falling into disgrace. The very idea of *true patriotism* is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot! why patriots spring up like mushrooms! I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots, but I disdain and despise all they can do!" So far this great man's description, which it must be allowed is rather overcoloured; but bearing in mind the situation in which he stood at the time, and the observations which, during his ministry, he must have made, certainly is consistent in itself, and is confirmed by subsequent experience.

A true patriot may be understood as an individual whose very nature is stamped with a *disinterested* love of his country, a sentiment which he imbibes the stronger in proportion as he receives protection from a just administration of its laws, and which reason and experience

prove the best calculated to promote the prosperity and happiness of the people; he who devotes his service, his purse, sacrifices private interest, and lays down his life (if the public good requires it) needs no further claim to our consideration, his death has sealed the virtue of his life.

Let us but turn over the pages of our own history, and we shall find that in no age were patriots and philanthropists wanting, when the necessity of the times called their talents and services into action. The martyrs for the cause of truth undoubtedly rank first in the estimation of our countrymen; the names of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, will be endeared to the Protestant religion, so long as that faith remains unimpaired, and constitutes "part and parcel of the law of the land," and every state not blinded by Popery will refer with satisfaction to that period when unawed by persecution, and courting the most cruel death for conscience sake, the champion\* of the reformed religion would exclaim "Be of good cheer brother, (Ridley) we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as I trust in God, shall never be extinguished."

At the commencement of the turbulent reign of Charles I. we find the earl of Strafford, the king's first minister, upon his impeachment by the parliament, voluntarily sacrificing his life for a mutual reconciliation between the king and his people. "I am prepared to die, (said he) and to a willing mind there can be no injury!" What are we to term this act but that of *disinterested patriotism*, though the subject has never been considered in this light; or at least, Hampden, and Sidney, to which may be added, Russel, have shone so conspicuously at this period of history, that historians have not reflected equal merit upon the actions of others. Oliver Cromwell's merits and demerits have been fairly canvassed; can we name him with those "choice spirits" whom England delights and glories in? or, shall he be ranked amongst the extraordinary meteors which suddenly illumine the horizon, and as rapidly sink into the gloom of night? We have heard of such; Cromwell, Wolsey, and in latter times, Bonaparte.

The chief glory of a country (says Dr. Johnson) consists in its authors; had England produced no patriots or philanthropists she would still have preserved her glory, and manifested to the world her pre-eminence in this particular, but it has been her peculiar happiness to blend literary greatness with private ex-

\* Bishop Latimer.

cellence—to produce geniuses in every department of art and science—whose productions have not only proved advantageous to mankind, but whose lives and deaths have been strictly in conformity to the principles they have inculcated. Witness the writings of Addison, Locke, Newton, and Boyle, and bring to recollection the serenity and piety recorded of them in their last moments!

War is repugnant to the principles of the Christian religion, though considered a necessary evil; but in the history of nations, England has in all periods held a distinguishing rank by what is termed the glory of her arms! We turn with pleasure from the contemplation of the destructive system, to the contemplation of all that adorns, dignifies, and benefits our nature; well may a man be proud of his countrymen when he finds engraven in indelible characters in the book of fame, the great Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, Bacon, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Cowper; her theologians, Tillotson, Sherlock, Warburton, Blair, Llandaff, and Porteus; her scientific and eminent legal characters; those learned physicians, Harvey, Sydenham, Meade, and Buchan. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Gainsborough, Opie, and West; and to conclude, Howard, Granville Sharpe, Wilberforce, and Fry.

"Nor can I here forget the generous band,†  
Who touch'd with human woe, redressive  
search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail!  
Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans;  
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice."

THOMSON.

W. C.—R.

† Alluding to the Committee in the year 1729.

#### FLIRTILLA THE LOVELY.

(For the Mirror.)

FLIRTILLA the lovely, all blooming and gay,  
Burst in charms on the world like a rose-bud in  
May;  
So sweet and endearing appear'd to the view,  
Not a heart but was wounded, and shot through  
and through.  
But, ah! silly girl, like an insect too vain,  
The lovely Flirtilla but breath'd to give pain;  
Not a youth that made love with a passion sincere,  
But met with an answer of scorn from the dear.  
"Flirtilla," she said, "must her conquests pursue,  
And nought but a coronet can me entice."  
"Foolish maid," said a butterfly passing that  
way,  
"Your life is like mine, but a short summer's  
day;



Like you I now flutter, all sprit and pride;  
 Like you may to-morrow be earth's chilly bride;  
 Then make of life, while endow'd with the pow'r,  
 The most to sweeten the fast-flying hour;  
 Wed the man that adores you with honour and  
 truth,  
 Nor trust any longer to beauty or youth;  
 Keep in mind that existence is merely a breath,  
 And thy charms may ere long be the banquet of  
 death.\*

UTOPIA.

## HISTORICAL RELICS OF NEW- INGTON GREEN.

(For the Mirror.)

"I like the neighbourhood too,—the ancient  
 places  
 That bring back the past ages to the eye,  
 Filling the gap of centuries—the traces  
 ——— that lie  
 Mouldering beneath your head!"\*

ON the south side of Newington Green is an old house, now converted into two. At the survey A. D. 1611, William Halliday, alderman and mercer of London, held these premises, with orchard, &c., and a piece of pasture-ground behind, containing 44 acres, called the Park, which extended as far as Ball's Pond. Sir Henry Mildmay (to whom the Parliament granted the woods of Highbury, and who was one of the judges on the trial of King Charles) afterwards became possessed of this property, by marrying Ann, eldest daughter of Alderman Halliday. It is remarkable, that Sir Henry Mildmay's brother (Anthony) was devoted to the King, and one of those who superintended the interment of the unfortunate monarch's remains. (See *Kimber's Baronetage*, vol. iii. p. 215.)

Sir Henry Mildmay's estates were forfeited at the Restoration; but this at Newington Green having been settled on his wife, continued in the family, and is now the property of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart. The first floor of this house is wainscotted with oak: there is a carved chimney-piece, having in the centre a shield, bearing three esquires' helmets, the arms of Halliday. The ceiling contains the arms of England, with the initials of King James, and the medallions of Hector, Alexander, &c., likewise the arms of Lord Compton.

Another large house was within the last twenty years standing. It was a quadrangular building, chiefly of wood and plaster, having a square court in the centre, and a communication to the various apartments all around, by means of small doors opening from one room into another. It was for many years

called "Bishop's Place." On its being pulled down, some parts of the old oak wainscot were found to be richly gilt, and adorned with paintings, almost obliterated from the effect of time. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood, that both these houses formerly belonged to Henry VIII.; that in one of them he kept a number of concubines, whilst the other was appropriated to his occasional residence. This, however, could not have been the case with regard to the house first mentioned, as it was evidently built in the reign of James the First, and most probably by one of the family of Halliday. The house last described might have been the occasional resort of the King. This neighbourhood seems to have been a favourite spot with some of the nobility about that period. A branch of the family of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, possessed the neighbouring manor of Stoke Newington; and the following letter of Henry Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, dated at "Newington Greene," was very probably indited at the old house above named. This letter was written to the Lord Cromwell, secretary of state, to exculpate the writer from the pretended suspicions of Henry, in regard to a matrimonial contract supposed to have been made between the Earl and Ann Boleyn, previous to her marriage with the King:—

### "MASTER SECRETARY,

"This shall be to signify unto you, that I perceive, by Sir Raynold Carnaby, that there is supposed a pre-contract to be betwene the Queene and me. Whereupon I was not only heretofore examined, upon mine oath, before the Archbishops of Canterbury and Yorke, but also received the blessed sacrament upon the same, before the Duke of Norfolk and other the King's Highness Council, learned in the spiritual law, assuring you, Mr. Secretary, by the said oath and blessed body, which afore I received, and hereafter intend to receive, that the same may be my damnation, if ever there was any contract or promise of marriage between her and me.—At Newington Greene, the 13th day of May, in the 28th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lorde King Henry VIIIth.

"Your assured,  
 "H. NORTHUMBERLAND."†

The Earl of Northumberland, who died the following year at Hackney, (whether it is probable he removed from Newington Green) is said to have "prodigally given away a great part of his lands and

\* See Adam and Eve, a Margate Story

† See *Collins's Peerage*, vol. ii. page 393.

inheritance to the King and others."\* Therefore it is not unlikely that in this manner these premises came into the possession of the Sovereign. Most of the ancient houses on this spot have been pulled down. Some years since, a curious ring was discovered by a man digging in a field behind Mildmay House, supposed to have been worn by a lady, probably by one of the favourites of the capricious monarch. This ring is now in the possession of Thomas Windus, Esq., of Stoke Newington Road.—See Robinson's *Stoke Newington*, page 14, for an account of this curious gem.

Newington Green will ever be cherished by the advocates of religious toleration; for here several of the ejected and silenced ministers lived towards the close of the 17th century. The presbyterian meeting was built in the year 1703, and within its walls have preached Hugh Worthington, M.A., Dr. Amory, Dr. Price, Dr. Towers, Dr. Lindsay, and Mr. Barbauld, (husband of the literary lady of that name) men eminent for their piety and learning. The Rev. Luke Milbourne, M.A. lived here, whose wife kept a school, by which she supported herself and her husband, he being one of the ejected ministers, and not suffered to preach; likewise Charles Morton, M.A., ejected from his rectory of Blisland, Cornwall, who kept an academy here, and wrote several treatises, all compendious, he being an enemy to large volumes, and often saying, "a great book is a great evil." Matthew Henry was the last of the ejected ministers in London. Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, received his education here.

P. T. W.

\* Nichols's *Hist. of Canonbury*, page 9.

#### EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF STRENGTH AND AGILITY.

THERE is now residing at Brough, in the county of Westmoreland, a miller, of the name of Robert Dodd, (commonly called miller Robin) who is possessed of such bodily strength as to be capable of taking a bushel of wheat between his teeth, and with ease tossing it over his shoulder. He will also lie down and with six bushels of wheat placed on his back, will rise up with apparently little exertion. He is noted too as an expert wrestler, and very few who know the man will contend with him for the prize of the belt, which is given annually upon such occasions.

W. H. H.

#### PUNNING TOASTS FOR A BENEFIT SOCIETY.

BY A SHOE AND BOOT-MAKER.—May the thread of our union be made stout and lasting—may we war warmer and warmer in the cause of benevolence, until one soul animates us all.

BY A HOUSE-CARPENTER.—The Constitution—a finished job, well planed and jointed—palsied be the arm that would attempt to deface or undermine the fair fabric.

BY A WATCH-MAKER.—Agriculture, commerce, and manufactures—the main-springs of our national prosperity:—may they ever be well-regulated and keep time together.

BY A HOUSE AND SIGN-PAINTER.—May every follower of a trade appear in his true colours—neither obscured by false varnish, nor bedizened by meretricious gilding.

BY A SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER.—May our country never be saddled with an unjust imposition—and may those who would tax one great interest for the benefit of another, meet with a strong curb in the wisdom of parliament.

BY A PRINTER.—Influence against power—Archimedes, with the power of his lever, effected comparatively nothing—the influence of the press has revolutionised a world.

BY A WEAVER.—The web of our society—May it be filled up with the web of virtue and knowledge, until its blessings are adorned with the beautiful garment of Heaven-born charity.

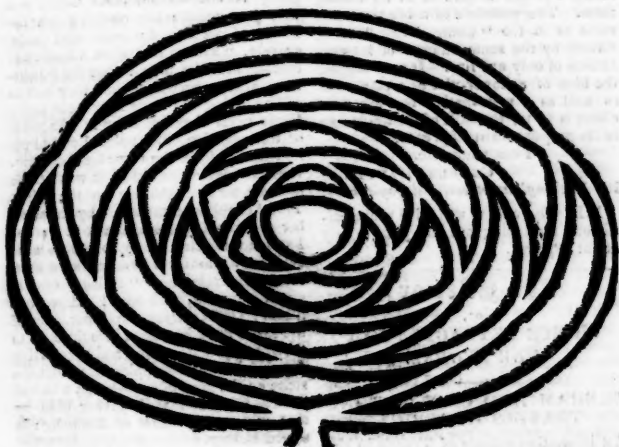
BY A JEWELLER.—May we adhere together by the solder of friendship—tried by the touchstone of purity—refined by the bright fire of benevolence, and be still permitted to ornament the fairest of nature's works—woman.

BY A COACH MAKER.—May our union as a body be perpetual, and as we are borne upon the wheels of time, may our tongues be moved by the springs of benevolence.

BY A BLACKSMITH.—The members of this Institution—may they be as so many bars of iron faggoted together in bands of love—brought up to a heat in the glowing coals of benevolence—welded together with the cement of brotherly love—hammered out on the anvil of friendship, until made into as many polished guards and shields, for the defence of the widow and orphan, anchors, chains, and cables for the perpetual safe mooring of our free and happy country.



## Mr. Hayter's Plan for a Maze.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR—I had finished my diagram explanatory of the natural consequences of the equilateral union of the three pristine colours, namely, *yellow*, *red*, and *blue*, which is now before the public under the title of "Hayter's Compendium," &c. &c., as a general chromatique scale of colours, for which alone I designed it. It was before me when I received your Number of the MIRROR which gives the plan of the Maze in Hampton Court Gardens, when it instantly came to my mind that my diagram might be offered to planners of pleasure-grounds as a *maze-path*, or *flower plot*, according to the extent of space to be afforded to it. *Mazes* take the name of *labyrinths* from the ancients, of which mention is made of four celebrated labyrinths, the Cretan, Egyptian, Lemnian, and Italian. That of Crete is the most celebrated; it was built by Dedalus, and out of it Theseus made his escape by means of the clue which Ariadne supplied. According to Pliny, the Egyptian labyrinth is the oldest, and was in his time, after having stood 3,600 years; he says it was built by Petesucus, or Tithoes; but Herodotus makes it the work of several kings. It was placed on the banks of the lake Myris, and consisted of 12 palaces and 1,500 apartments. *Milla says ter milli domos*. That of Lemnos was supported by columns of wonderful beauty, and there was some remains of it also in the time of Pliny. The labyrinth

of Italy was built for Porcenna, king of Hetruvia, for his tomb. But descending to a more modern account of labyrinths, the maze-path is only to be understood, as "being formed by a winding walk, so intricate and perplexing, that a person may lose himself in them, and meet with as great a number of disappointments as possible; they are rarely to be met with except in great and noble gardens, as Versailles, Hampton Court, &c."

When at Winchester I felt much pleasure in running the maze on Catharine Hill; but the labyrinthine path of a studious and active life had entirely led me far away from the recollection of it till your very renovating publication (above alluded to) gave me back my youthful game afresh, and it has since induced me to give some of my leisure moments to the drawing *labyrinths*, &c. The one which I now submit to your use is a copy of my equilateral diagram already mentioned, and it most likely would never have been offered to the world in any other character had it not been for the MIRROR. As the figure is *entirely new* to geometry and *perfectly adapted* to the purpose for which I designed it, I trust I shall not be considered too vain in endeavouring to render my claim to the invention as public as possible, *real novelty* and utility combined being very rare; as a subject of study *within book*, perhaps the original form might have been maze sufficient to most of your readers; but wishing to make the geometrical construction of the

figure as difficult as possible, I have thought proper to give it in an oblong form. The principle of it is exactly the same as in the "Compendium," being formed by the same number of intervolutions of only one line. It may suggest the idea of a flower-plot or a plantation as well as a maze-path; but my chief object is to try the skill of the draftsman in the proper construction of it.

I am, yours, &c.

CHARLES HAYTER.

16, Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square.

N.B. The author will give proper directions for laying out the plan to any extent required.

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

AN interesting volume of Travels in the Interior of Africa, has just been published. It was undertaken by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton of the navy, and Dr. Oudney, who died on the journey, adding one more to the many victims of African discovery. The journey was performed in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824. From this volume we shall make several extracts:—

#### ARAB SUPERSTITIONS.

MUCH necessary arrangement had been made here by laying in a stock of dates, &c. for our long journey, and at eleven A. M. we left Gatrone. The marabout accompanied Boo-Khaloom outside the town, and having drawn—not a magic circle, but a parallelogram—on the sand, with his wand he wrote in it certain words of great import from the Koran; the crowd looking on in silent astonishment, while he assumed a manner both graceful and imposing, so as to make it impossible for any one to feel at all inclined to ridicule his motions. When he had finished repeating the fatha aloud, he invited us singly to ride through the spot he had consecrated, and, having obeyed him, we silently proceeded on our journey, without even repeating an adieu.

The Sultans of Fezzan probably think that the only means of keeping these people in order is by keeping them poor. Their only produce is dates; but these are of excellent quality. No vegetables are raised here, and we could not even procure an onion. Almost every town in

Africa has its charm or wonder, and Tengerhy is not without one. There is a well just outside the castle gates, the water of which, we were told most gravely, "always rose when a kafilah was coming near the town! that the inhabitants always prepared what they had to sell on seeing this water increase in bulk, for it never deceived them!" In proof of this assertion, they pointed out to me how much higher the water had been previous to our arrival than it was at the moment we were standing on the brink. This I could have explained by the number of camels that had drank at it; but I saw it was better policy to believe what everybody allowed to be true; even Boo-Khaloom exclaimed, "Allah! God is great, powerful, and wise! How wonderful! Oh!" Over the inner gate of the castle there is a large hole through to the gateway underneath, and they tell a story of a woman dropping from thence a stone on the head of some leader who had gained the outer wall, giving him, by that means, the death of Abimelech in sacred history.

#### AFRICAN GOLOOTHA.

ABOUT sunset we halted near a well, within a half mile of Mesheero. Round this spot were lying more than one hundred skeletons, some of them with the skin still remaining attached to the bones—not even a little sand thrown over them. The Arabs laughed heartily at my expression of horror, and said, "they were only blacks, *nam boo!*" (damn their fathers!) and began knocking about the limbs with the but-end of their firelocks, saying, "This was a woman! This was a youngster!" and such like unfeeling expressions. The greater part of the unhappy people of whom these were the remains, had formed the spoils of the Sultan of Fezzan the year before. I was assured that they had left Bornou with not above a quarter's allowance for each, and that more died from want than fatigue. They were marched off with chains round their necks and legs: the most robust only arrived in Fezzan in a very debilitated state, and were there fattened for the Tripoli slave market.

Our camels did not come up until it was quite dark, and we bivouacked in the midst of these unearthed remains of the victims of persecution and avarice, after a long days' journey of twenty-six miles, in the course of which one of our party counted one hundred and seven of these skeletons.

Dec. 19.—Moved round a winding pass to the west, and, after an ascent of three hundred feet, descended a sandy

steep to the east. This was rather a picturesque spot, looking back upon Thenea. Our road lay over a long plain with a slight ridge. A fine naga (she-camel) lay down on the road this day, as I thought from fatigue. The Arabs crowded round and commenced unloading her, when, upon inquiry, I found that she was suddenly taken in labour: about five minutes completed the operation,—a very fine little animal was literally dragged into light. It was then thrown across another camel, and the mother, after being reloaded, followed quietly after her offspring. One of the skeletons we passed to-day had a very fresh appearance; the beard was still hanging to the skin of the face, and the features were still discernible. A merchant travelling with the *kafilah*, suddenly exclaimed, "That was my slave! I left him behind four months ago, near this spot."—"Make haste! take him to the *lug*," (market) said an Arab wag, "for fear anybody else should claim him." We had no water, and a most fatiguing day.

Dec. 22.—We moved before daylight, passing some rough sand hills, mixed with red stone, to the west, over a plain of fine gravel, and halted at the *maten*, called El-Hammar, close under a bluff head, which had been in view since quitting our encampment in the morning. Strict orders had been given this day for the camels to keep close up, and for the Arabs not to straggle—the Tibboo Arabs having been seen on the look out. During the last two days we had passed on an average from sixty to eighty or ninety skeletons each day; but the numbers that lay about the wells at El-Hammar were countless. Those of two women, whose perfect and regular teeth bespoke them young, were particularly shocking; their arms still remained clasped round each other as they had expired, although the flesh had long since perished by being exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and the blackened bones only left; the nails of the fingers, and some of the sinews of the hand also remained; and part of the tongue of one of them still appeared through the teeth. We had now passed six days of desert without the slightest appearance of vegetation, and a little branch of the *souak* was brought to me as a comfort and curiosity.

#### AUDIENCE OF THE SHEIKH OF BORNOU.

ABOUT noon we received a summons to attend the sheikh, and we proceeded to the palace, preceded by our negroes, bearing the articles destined for the sheikh by our government; consisting

of a double-barrelled gun, by Wilkinson, with a box, and all the apparatus complete, a pair of excellent pistols in a case, two pieces of superfine broad cloth, red and blue, to which we added a set of china, and two bundles of spices.

The ceremony of getting into the presence was ridiculous enough, although nothing could be more plain and devoid of pretension than the appearance of the sheikh himself. We passed through passages lined with attendants, the front men sitting on their hams; and when we advanced too quickly, we were suddenly arrested by these fellows, who caught forcibly hold of us by the legs, and had not the crowd prevented our falling, we should most infallibly have become prostrate before arriving in the presence. Previous to entering into the open court, in which we were received, our papouches, or slippers, were whipped off by these active, though sedentary, gentlemen of the chamber; and we were seated on some clean sand on each side of a raised bench of earth, covered with a carpet, on which the sheikh was reclining. We laid the gun and the pistols together before him, and explained to him the locks, turn-screws, and steel shot-cases, holding two charges each, with all of which he seemed exceedingly well pleased; the powder-flask, and the manner in which the charge is divided from the body of powder, did not escape his observation; the other articles were taken off by the slaves almost as soon as they were laid before him. Again we were questioned as to the object of our visit. The sheikh, however, shewed evident satisfaction at our assurance that the king of England had heard of Bornou and himself; and immediately turning to his *kaganawha* (counsellor), said, "This is in consequence of our defeating the *Begharmis*." Upon which, the chief who had most distinguished himself in these memorable battles, *Bagah Furby* (the gatherer of horses), seating himself in front of us, demanded, "Did he ever hear of me?" The immediate reply of "Certainly," did wonders for our cause. Exclamations were general; and, "Ah! then, your king must be a great man!" was re-echoed from every side. We had nothing offered us by way of refreshment, and took our leave.

I may here observe, that besides occasional presents of bullocks, camel-loads of wheat and rice, leathern skins of butter, jars of honey, and honey in the comb, five or six wooden bowls were sent us, morning and evening, containing rice, with meat, paste made of barley-flour, savoury but very greasy; and on our first

arrival, as many had been sent of sweets, mostly composed of curd and honey.

In England a brace of trout might be considered as a handsome present to a traveller sojourning in the neighbourhood of a stream; but at Bornou things are done differently. A camel-load of bream, and a sort of mullet, was thrown before our huts on the second morning after our arrival; and for fear that should not be sufficient, in the evening another was sent.

#### MARKET AT KOUKA.

WE had a *foug*, or market, in front of one of the principal gates of the town. Slaves, sheep, and bullocks, the latter in great numbers, were the principal live stock for sale. There were at least fifteen thousand persons gathered together, some of them coming from places two and three days distant. Wheat, rice, and gussub, were abundant; tamarinds in the pod, ground nuts, ban-beans, ochroes, and indigo; the latter is very good, and in great use amongst the natives, to dye their tobies (shirts) and linen; stripes of deep indigo colour, or stripes of it alternately with white, being highly esteemed by most of the Bornou women; the leaves are moistened and pounded up altogether, when they are formed into lumps, and so brought to market. Of vegetables there was a great scarcity—onions, bastard tomatoes, alone were offered for sale; and of fruits not any; a few limes, which the sheikh had sent us from his garden, being the only fruit we had seen in Bornou. Leather was in great quantities; and the skins of the large snake, and pieces of the skin of the crocodile, used as an ornament for the scabbards of their daggers, were also brought to me for sale; and butter, leban (sour milk), honey, and wooden bowls, from Soudan. The costume of the women, who for the most part were the venders, were various; those of Kanem and Bornou were most numerous, and the former were as becoming as the latter had a contrary appearance. The variety in costume amongst the ladies consists entirely in the head ornaments; the only difference, in the scanty covering which is bestowed on the other parts of the person, lies in the choice of the wearer, who either ties the piece of linen, blue or white, under the arms, and across the breasts, or fastens it rather fantastically on one shoulder, leaving one breast naked. The Kanemboos women have small plaits of hair hanging down all around the head, quite to the poll of the neck, with a roll of leather or string of little brass beads in front, hanging down from the centre on each side of

the face, which has by no means an unbecoming appearance; they have, sometimes, strings of silver rings instead of the brass, and a large round silver ornament in front of their foreheads. The female slaves from Musgow, a large kingdom to the south-east of Mandara, are particularly disagreeable in their appearance, although considered as very trustworthy, and capable of great labour; their hair is rolled up in three large plaits, which extend from the forehead to the back of the neck, like the Bornowy; one larger in the centre, and two smaller on each side; they have silver studs in their noses, and one large one just under the lower lip of the size of a shilling, which goes quite through into the mouth; to make room for this ornament, a tooth or two is sometimes displaced.

The principal slaves are generally intrusted with the sale of such produce as the owner of them may have to dispose of; and if they come from any distance, the whole is brought on bullocks, which are harnessed after the fashion of the country, by a string or iron run through the cartilage of the nose, and a saddle of mat. The masters not unfrequently attend the *foug* with their spears, and loiter about without interfering; purchases are mostly made by exchange of one commodity for another, or paid for by small beads, pieces of coral and amber, or the coarse linen manufactured by all the people, and sold at forty gubkas for a dollar. Amongst other articles offered to me for sale by the people (who, if I stood still for an instant, crowded round me), was a young lion and a monkey; the latter appeared really the more dangerous of the two, and from being a degree or two lighter in complexion than his master, he seemed to have a decided aversion to me.

The lion walked about with great unconcern, confined merely by a small rope round his neck, held by the negro, who had caught him when he was not two months old, and having had him for a period of three months, now wished to part with him; he was about the size of a donkey colt, with very large limbs, and the people seemed to go very close to him, without much alarm, notwithstanding he struck with his foot the leg of one man who stood in his way, and made the blood flow copiously; they opened the ring which was formed round this noble animal as I approached; and, coming within two or three yards of him, he fixed his eye upon me in a way that excited sensations I cannot describe, from which I was awakened by the fellow calling to me to come nearer, at the same time

laying his hand on the animal's back; a moment's recollection convinced me that there could be no more danger nearer than where I was, and I stepped boldly up beside the negro, and I believe should have laid my hand on the lion the next moment; but, after looking carelessly at me, he brushed past my legs, broke the ring, and pulled his conductor away with him, overturning several who stood before him, and bounded off to another part, where there were fewer people.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

### RECOLLECTIONS OF O'KEEFE.

I RECOLLECT Bamfield, the giant hatter, of Fetter-lane, London: he was much above seven feet high. He walked about the streets, on his affairs, with perfect unconcern; and thus, everybody knowing him, he was but little stared at. I thought this expedient showed him to be a wise man. They had him at Covent Garden, to do the Dragon, in the burletta of "The Dragon of Wantley." Bamfield had a tremendous loud voice, just suited to the Dragon's dying exclamation of "Oh! Mr. More! I wish I had known of your tricks before—Oh! oh! the devil take your toe!"

When I was a child I saw the famous Sir Toby Butler, a favourite lawyer of his time, his oratorical powers being great; but he always drank his bottle before he went to the courts. A client, very solicitous about the success of his cause, requested Sir Toby not to drink his accustomed bottle that morning. Sir Toby promised on his honour he would not. He went to the court, pleaded, and gained a verdict. The client met him exulting in the success of his advice; when, to his astonishment, Sir Toby assured him that if he had not taken his bottle, he should have lost the cause. "But your promise, Sir Toby?"—"I kept it faithfully and honourably, I did not drink a drop—I poured my bottle of claret into a wheaten loaf and ate it. So I had my bottle, you your verdict, and I am a man of my word."

On one of the king's nights at Drury-lane, the lords being about behind the scenes, in and out of the green-room, &c. as customary, Garrick said to a nobleman near him, who was soon to go over to Ireland as lord lieutenant: "My lord, here's a young spark so plagues us behind the scenes, night after night, always troublesome, I wish you would take him with you over to your Ireland,

or anywhere out of our way." The nobleman took the good-natured hint, spoke to the play-loving youth, who was loitering near them, and gave him a handsome appointment in Dublin Castle. This is one of the many instances of Garrick's seizing every opportunity to do a good action. The youth was Captain Jephson, author of "Braganza," the "Law of Lombardy," &c.

I was once asked by Spranger Barry (who knew my skill in drawing) to make his face for Lear. I went to his dressing-room, and used my camel-hair pencil and Indian ink with, as I thought, a very venerable effect. When he came into the green-room, royally dressed, asking some of the performers how he looked, Isaac Sparks, in his lord chief joker way, remarked, "As you belong to the London beef-steak club, O'Keefe has made you peeping through a grid-iron." Barry was so doubtful of his own excellence, that he used to consult the old experienced stage-carpenters, at rehearsals, to give him their opinion how he acted such and such a passage; but used to call them aside for this purpose.—This diffidence was more remarkable in Barry, who was the finest actor in his walk that has appeared on the English stage—Alexander, Romeo, Jaffier!—He is buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The stone-cutter has omitted the R in his christian name, Spranger, which leaves it Spanger:—this tombstone is within a few yards of the steps leading from the Abbey into the cloister.

Macdonnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style,—servants, groom, hunters, &c. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move; and all his attitudes, while playing, were steady and quiet, and his face composed. One day that I and a very large party dined with Mr. Thomas Grant, at Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair were placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him: the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dining-room door, looked full into the room, said, "Mr. Grant, your health and company!" drank it off, threw half-a-crown on his little table, saying to the servant, "There, my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself." He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his

groom. I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills that Mr. Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the *Irish organ*. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played, and charmed everybody.

Marlborough Green was a sort of tea-drinking place, with singers, band of music, &c. and was greatly frequented. One evening a young nobleman was descending the steps which led to the long room, and a gentleman with a party of ladies was going up, the latter in full dress, the former in boots; his spur happened to touch the other's stocking, who muttered, "Down your spurs!" and proceeded with his party up to the rooms. He had not sat at the table two minutes, when lord ——— hastily entered and struck him across the shoulders with his rattan, saying, "Follow me, sir." Mr. ——— started up; they both rushed down the steps, which were on the outside of the room, upon the green, where a number of persons were walking and conversing. Lord ——— snatched a small sword from somebody and drew it. Mr. ——— drew his from his side, and in a pass or two, before any one could interfere—for they were as quick as lightning, lord ——— was run through the body: he died a few hours afterwards. Mr. ——— quitted the kingdom. I have often since blessed Beau Nash for abolishing swords. Challenges and pistol work are bad enough; but even then the wrathful man may have a chance of a watchful providence not permitting the sun to go down on his anger. It is to be wished that seconds were a little more alert in peace-making, as the principals themselves may be afraid of any step towards it, lest they incur the imputation of cowardice, for slander has always its blacking-brush ready to dash away. It is with much pleasure I reflect, that in my day I have prevented two or three duels.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

#### ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER 'CHANGE, ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.\*

"*This Greece*—but living *Greece* no more"  
GIAOUR.

Oh, Mr. Cross,  
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near  
And shed a tear  
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss!  
I've been a visitor,  
Of old, a sort of a Buffon inquisitor,  
Of thy Managerie—and knew the beast  
That is deceased!—

\* In No. 186 of the MIRROR, we gave a full account of the death of this Elephant, with an engraving, and numerous interesting anecdotes.

I was the *Damon* of the gentle giant,  
And oft have been,  
Like Mr. Cross,  
Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant  
Whenever I approach'd, the kindly brute  
Flapp'd his prodigious ears and bent his knees,—

It makes me freeze  
To think of it!—no chams could better suit,  
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,—  
For so our former dearness was begun.  
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled  
The beast of his affection, like a child;  
And well he loved me till his life was done  
(Except when he was wild):  
It makes me blush for human friends—but none  
I have so truly kept or cheaply won!

Here is his pen!—  
The casket,—but the jewel is away!—  
The den is rifed of its denizen—  
Ah well a day!

This fresh free air breathes nothing of his  
grossness,  
And sets me sighing, even for its closeness.

This light one story  
Where, like a cloud, I used to feast my eyes on  
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon.  
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory.  
The very beasts lament the change, like me:

The shaggy Bison  
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee!  
Th' Hyena's laugh is hush'd, and Monkey's post,  
The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine,  
The Panther paces restlessly about

To walk her sorrow out,  
The Lions in a deeper bass repine,—  
The Kangaroo wrings its sorry shurt fore paws,  
Shrieks come from the Macawi,  
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,

And pineth for the dead,  
The Boa writhes into a double knot,  
The keeper groans  
Whilst sawing bones,  
And looks askance at the deserted spot—  
Brutal and rational lament his loss,  
The sower of thy beastly family!  
Poor Mrs. Cross  
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,  
And weakens her Bohen!

Oh, Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth  
To grief, when human greatness goes to earth,  
How few lament for Czars!—  
But, oh! the universal heart o'erflow'd  
At his high mass,  
Lighted by gas,

When, like Mark Anthony, the keeper show'd  
The Elephantine scars!—  
Reporter's eyes

Were of an egg-like size,  
Men that had never wept for murder'd Mars!  
Hard-hearted editors with iron faces  
Their sluices all unclosed,—  
And discomposed

Compositors went fretting to their cases!—  
That grief has left its traces:

The poor old Beef-eater has gone much greyer  
With sheer regret,  
And the Gazette  
Seems the least trouble of the beasts' Parveyor!



And I too weep !—A dozen of great men  
I could have spared without a single tear ;  
But then  
They are renewable from year to year !  
Fresh Gents would rise, though Gent resign'd  
the pen :

I should not wholly  
Despair for six months of another C\*\*\*\*,  
Nor, though F\*\*\*\*\* lay on his small bier,  
Be melancholy,—  
But when will such an Elephant appear !  
Though Penley were destroy'd at Drury Lane,  
His like might come again !  
Fate might supply

A second Powell, if the first should die ;  
Another Bennett, if the sire were snatch'd ;  
Barnes—might be match'd ;  
And Time fill up the gap  
Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap,  
Ev'n Claremont might be equall'd—I could hope  
(All human greatness is, alas, so puny !)  
For other Egertons—another Pope,  
But not another Chunce !

Well, he is dead !  
And there's a gap in Nature of eleven  
Feet high by seven—  
Five living tons !—And I remain—nine stoue  
Of skin and bone !  
It is enough to make me shake my head  
And dream of the grave's brink—  
'Tis worse to think,  
How like the Beast's the sorry life I've led !—  
A sort of show  
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,  
To profit the rapacity  
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,  
A slavish toil to win an upper story,—  
And a hard story  
Of wooden beams about a weary brow !  
Oh, Mr. C !

If ever you behold me twirl my pen  
To earn a public supper, that is, eat  
In the bare street,  
Or turn about their literary den—  
Shoot me !

Ibid.

## OYSTERS.

OYSTERS are conceitedly said to be in season in every month of the year that has an R in its name, beginning with September, and ending with April ; but the season in many places extends from August to May. Every city has its favourite oyster bank. In London, the Colchester and Milton oysters are held in most esteem ; Edinburgh has her "whispered Pandores," and, latterly, Aberdour oysters ; and Dublin, the Carlingford and "Powdoodles of Burran." For the convenience of obtaining a ready supply of oysters, they are often transported from their original beds, and laid down on proper places of the coast, but these exiles are seldom found in such perfection as those which are called *natives*—that is, such as have never been rudely torn from their native homes, and sent on voyages of profit. Oysters, when just dredged,

may be so packed in small barrels as to keep good for a week or ten days ; and in this state they were sent to distant places. They may also be preserved good for some time by *feeding* ; and custom, which brings *gourmands* to admire game most when in a state of putridity, has taught them to relish the flavour of stale oysters better than those recently taken from the beds. The fresher oysters are, they are the better, but when to be kept, lay them, bottom downwards, in a tub, or any vessel suited to the quantity to be preserved, and cover them with water in which a good deal of salt is dissolved. Change the water every twelve hours. Most cooks direct that this delicate animal should be fed with oatmeal or flour sprinkled in the water ; and others, on the principle which leads a mother of the parish of St. Giles's to bathe her new-born darling in a drop of gin, are for feeding them with white wine and bread crumbs ! It is said, by those who have the charge of fish-ponds, that "fish will eat nothing but what comes out of the sea ;" now, though we are not perfectly convinced of this fact, we can at least believe that salt water gruel is not over well suited to the delicate stomach of an oyster. Those large fat oysters, called *Pandores*, which are so much prized in Edinburgh, are said to owe their superior excellence to the brackish contents of the pans of the adjacent salt-works of Prestonpans flowing out upon the beds, a subject worthy the serious investigation of the oyster amateur, who may here receive some excellent hints for fattening and improving the quality of his favourite morsel.

Shell fish, and the oyster above all, have long been deemed highly restorative, and easy of digestion ; they are therefore recommended for the food of the delicate and declining, and of those whose digestive powers have been impaired by excess. When eaten for health, an oyster is best swallowed with its own liquor, the moment the shell is opened : or if found too cold for the stomach, a sprinkling of black pepper may be allowed. Vinegar counteracts the effect of eating oysters to enrich the blood, or render it more balsamic, and ought therefore to be avoided by the declining, as there are no reasonable bounds to oyster eating, it may be useful to notice here, that when too many of these or other shell fish are swallowed, the unpleasant feeling may be removed by drinking half-a-pint of hot milk. Consumptive persons are recommended to use hot milk after their oysters at all times.

Oysters, says the learned author of *Tabella Cibaria*, were not common at Rome, and, consequently, fetched there

a very high price; yet Macrobius assures us, that the Roman Pontiffs never failed to have them every day on their tables. From the fourth century to the reign of Louis IV. they were nearly forgotten; but they soon came again into vogue, and from that time have kept up their reputation. Gastronomers, we know, can swallow from three to four dozen before dinner, and then sit down and eat, and perhaps better than if they had abstained from them. They clear the stomach of accidental phlegm, and increase the gastric juices. And, by their natural coolness, condense the air which may be fixed in the organs of digestion. When good, they are wholesome, but poisonous when bad. The Athenians held oysters in great esteem, says the same learned authority, on the matters of the table; and so we may add, that, in the Modern Athens, they are held in equal regard.

The principal taverns of the Old City used to be called oyster taverns, in honour of this favourite viand; and this name is still kept up in some modern places of genteel resort. "How many celebrated wits and *bon vivants*, now quite chop-fallen," said Mr. Winterblossom, "have dived into the dark defiles of closes and wynds in pursuit of this delicacy, and of the wine, the wit, the song, that gave it zest. I have heard my learned and facetious friend, the late Professor Creech—for it was rather out of my day—say, that before public amusements were much known in our Presbyterian capital, an oyster play, which always included music and a little dance, was the delight of the young fashionables of both sexes.

The municipal authorities were wont to pay considerable attention to the "feast of shells," both as regarded the supply and the price; and for aught we know, they may do so still. At the commencement of the dredging season, a voyage was boldly undertaken to the oyster-beds in the Frith of Forth by the public functionaries, with something of the solemnity of the Doge of Venice wedding his Adriatic bride. Even the plodding fishermen of our bleak coasts seem to catch inspiration from this delicate creature. Instead of the whiskey inspiration, which supports them in dragging the herring nets, or throwing the cod lines, like the fishermen of Sicilian seas, they

"Sing to charm the spirits of the deep,"

as they troll the dredging nets. There is, indeed, a poetical notion that the oyster, among his other gentle qualities, is inclined to minstrelsy—

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,

The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredging song,  
For he comes of gentle kind."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

## HOBBSON'S CHOICE.

ON a lady's entering the assembly-room, at York, Sterne asked her name; he was told she was a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "He had often heard of *Hobson's choice*, but he never saw it before."

## AN EPIGRAM.

A JOE VERSIFIED.

THROUGH Pancras church-yard as two tailors were walking,  
Of princes and politics earnestly talking,  
Says Robert to Richard (by way of digression),

"'Tis a monstrous fine morning, beyond all expression;

If this weather goes on (added he, looking frownd),

'Twill bring everything charmingly out of the ground."

"God forbid," replied Richard, alertly, "for here

I buried two wives without dropping a tear." C. F. E.

## GOOD WISHES.

AN Irish hangman, upon asking a criminal about to be executed for the customary bequest, and receiving it, exclaimed, "Long life to your honour," and at the same moment let the drop fall.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL of our readers have inquired why we have not continued to give *Original Music* as promised in the *Mirror*; the fact is, that the type-founder who supplied us with the beautiful specimen we gave will not permit us to stereotype from it, and as the extensive sale of the *Mirror* renders it necessary that every Number should be stereotyped, we are unable at present to prosecute our design. If the present difficulty can be obviated, we shall resume our plan most cheerfully.

*Malvina* will see the reason why we cannot avail ourselves of the original music she has sent us. The moment we are enabled to do so we shall insert it. In the mean time, perhaps, *Malvina* will be pleased to see a correct copy of the beautiful ballad with which we have been favoured by the amiable author. This we shall insert in an early Number.

*Clio* is intended for insertion.

We shall give answers to our other correspondents next week.

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